





## MANDEVILLE'S SLOW MURDER.

## Irish Leaders Demand Inquiry.

## Further Exposures of Balfour's Brutalities.

(concluded.)

When they reached Tullamore they were placed in another brougham surrounded by police and hurried off to jail. The reason for the mysterious removal was that if they had remained in Cork prison the Mayor of that town would have been entitled to visit them in prison, and he would have been an impartial witness as to their treatment.

"Mandeville and myself thought," said Mr. O'Brien, "that Tullamore meant that we were to be buried alive. We knew the sort of visiting justices who were there, and we had heard something of the character of the governor. Our entrance to the jail was one of the most awful scenes I ever witnessed. The governor, the resident magistrate, and the police were drawn up inside the jail gate to receive us, and for all the world it looked like a procession to the scaffold. I had again urged Mr. Mandeville, whatever else he did, not to resist in the matter of the prison clothes, but he said that as they had now given him back his clothes and acknowledged they were wrong he would fight it out."

"And what did the prison authorities first do?"

"The first day in Tullamore," responded Mr. O'Brien, "was devoted to trying to intimidate us into putting on the prison clothes without resistance. Owing to our refusal to do this, or to associate ourselves with criminals, we were kept in the cells all day. The next I saw of Mandeville was two days later, when the governor had returned from Dublin Castle, and then said we were to get exercise by ourselves. In the few words that passed between us he spoke quite cheerfully of himself and contemptuously of his treatment in jail. Next day was Sunday. We were then on bread and water for refusing to put on prison clothes, but on this occasion we were only kept on that fare for twenty-four hours. Three days afterwards I heard that Mandeville, who was still allowed to exercise along with me, had been put on bread and water again. After ten days I was, against my strong remonstrances, removed to the hospital. I saw no more of Mandeville in prison. I learned that he was still allowed for some days to exercise by himself, but when I was gone they commenced to subject him to the most terrible treatment, and a system of deprivations and tortures. He was almost all the time on bread and water, and he afterwards told me that he would have died of starvation only for some scraps that he got from compassionate officials. Bread and water means 14 or 16 ounces of the coarsest brown bread divided into three meals, without any food except a tin porridge of water with each meal. Mr. Mandeville suffered terribly in consequence of diarrhoea, but his tremendous frame enabled him to bear this quite cheerfully and lightly. I several times sent him word that this resistance to prison clothes must be a matter of life or death, and while I was quite determined to risk my own life in the matter, I did not think, having regard to his wife, and the more brutal treatment he was certain to get, that he ought to resist. He, however, had now gone too far, and in any case they were treating him just as badly for refusing to clean out his cell and for refusing to associate with criminals. For 7 weeks I was so completely isolated that it was impossible for me to receive a word of intelligence from the outer world or as to what was passing in prison; but I learned from the prison chaplain that Mr. Mandeville was on bread and water. While I was in bed every attempt had been made to take away my clothes, which had already been stolen once, but on hearing this I insisted on going back to the ordinary prison fare. Three days afterwards I learned that an attempt had been made to take Mr. Mandeville's clothes from him by force, and they then found that since the attack on me he had slept at night with his clothes on. Three weeks had now passed. Neither he nor I had had a change. A succession of attempts were then made at midnight to take him by surprise. At last they resorted to extremities, and one night six warders and the governor attacked him, and after a severe struggle tore the clothes from him one by one, leaving him nothing but his shirt. He refused next day to put on the prison clothes, and remained lying on the plank bed. They left him lying there for two days. They then took away his bed clothes by force, and left him nothing but a thin sheet, which he wrapped round himself. This was in mid-winter, and Mandeville tried to warm himself by walking up and down his cell. He endured this horrible torment, and was at the same time on bread and water for the twenty-four hours. The governor gave him notice that the sheet was to be taken from him, and he would be left absolutely naked in half an hour unless he yielded. It was only then that he put on the prison clothes. He had been in the meantime, as he had been afterwards, suffering from rheumatism of the most violent char-

acter caught in prison. I understand that when he left prison the day before Christmas he was the merest shadow of what he had been. He had lost three stones in weight, and was suffering cruelly from rheumatism in all his joints. His tremendous physical strength seemed to have made the prison authorities believe that he could go through anything, for they gave him no relaxation whatever, and he was to the very day left subject to the bread and water diet. His wife has told me that she was never more horrified than when she saw him come home. Mr. Mandeville has ever since been a greatly changed man—he has fallen away very much in flesh, and was subject to constant pains, and his death is directly and solely traceable to his abominable treatment in prison. Of all men I know he was infinitely the worst treated. The officials seem to have thought that his magnificent physique made him a fair target for all the brutalities which they shrunk from inflicting in all their severity on some who were physically weaker."

"When did you see him last, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I saw him last at the anti-Rescript meeting in Cork. He has taken part in settling the affairs on the Kingston estate, but ever since his treatment in prison, John Mandeville was a greatly changed man."

## Dr. Ronayne Declares Death has Resulted from Prison Torture.

Dr. Ronayne, J.P., who visited Mr. Mandeville in prison, writes:—

DEAR SIR,—There should be no mistake about the cause of Mr. Mandeville's death. When, as a visiting justice, I saw him in Tullamore Prison 15th Nov. last, he was then again on punishment diet for three days. Three days' bread and water in dismal, damp, cold November. He complained of diarrhoea, debility and sore throat. His throat was raw and granular. He had a gargle, which he said did him no good. Altogether his condition was most miserable. The once full, ruddy face was flabby and pallid. The eyes were sunken, the lips leaden, the voice husky; but the spirit brave as ever. He struck me as being in the most wretched plight I had ever seen a prisoner in of the thousands I have seen. Dr. Morehead and I had a conversation respecting him that evening. We considered his condition critical, his heart, power and circulation impaired, his future health damaged. My report in the prison journal had the following statement respecting him—"Visited Mr. Mandeville, chairman Mitchelstown Board of Guardians. Found him rapidly losing ruddy complexion, and flesh is becoming blanched and flabby, with rapid respiration." He complained that he was again put on punishment diet, that he already felt the weakening effect and was suffering from diarrhoea, for which the doctor did but little. I suggested that his bread and water be stopped, and that he be removed to the infirmary for appropriate treatment. As a fairly experienced physician, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Mandeville's death is directly attributed to the harsh, cruel treatment he was subjected to in prison, that the prison, diarrhoea and sore throat—which, by the way, he never shook off—sure factors of ulcerative and diphtheroidal state of the throat—caused that fatal mischief that killed him.

Considering that Mr. Dillon is at present undergoing prison treatment, and that Mr. O'Brien and other delicate gentlemen soon may be, I think the fullest public and parliamentary attention should be given to this tragic sequel of the prison treatment of as splendid and handsome a man as ever I saw.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

CHARLES ROYANE, M.D.

Mr. Wm. Murphy, M.P.—Makes Some Disclosures.

Mr. Murphy, M.P., writes—No one will ever know what John Mandeville endured in Tullamore Prison, for he could not be got to speak freely about his punishments, and when pressed on the subject made light of them; but I have not the slightest doubt on my own mind that he left the prison last Christmas a man in broken health, and that his premature death was the result of his treatment there.

Throughout the whole period of his imprisonment the amount of his punishment by starvation was limited only by the amount of human endurance. I shall not soon forget the last time I saw him in prison, about four days before Christmas and two days before his release. I was taken to visit him in the punishment cell where he was then completing a forty-eight hours solitary confinement on bread and water. It was in a flagged cold cell with scarcely a glimmer of light, and was provided with only a bare board for his bed.

Though his words to me then were defiant and his spirit was unbroken, there was an involuntary tremor in his voice at the end of that terrible time which spoke plainly of the physical powers of a strong man broken down by persistent starvation punishments, for he had been on bread-and-water diet during the greater part of his imprisonment.

But the most discreditable thing to the Coercionists is the way in which Mandeville was got into that punishment cell.

The governor of a jail has no power to commit to a punishment cell, but he may call in a justice, who shall see the prisoner, and who may make the necessary order. One would naturally suppose that one of the visiting justices—who were certainly not much in sympathy with the prisoner—would be called in for that purpose. But no; it was thought that they might possibly revolt at the inhumanity, and accordingly a new use was found for the Removables. One of those gentlemen, forget his name this moment, was brought into Tullamore jail over the heads of the local justices, and forthwith poor John Mandeville found himself in punishment cell which I have described. I believe there is no doubt that the order for this punishment and the manner of inflicting it came from headquarters, and it is inconceivable that any prison governor would desire to inflict such a punishment in the last days of a man's imprisonment, when it could be only vindictive, as it could then have no corrective effect.

John Mandeville was done to death by his treatment in Tullamore, because of his refusal to submit to the degradation of herding with the scum of the jails, or of performing menial and degrading offices.

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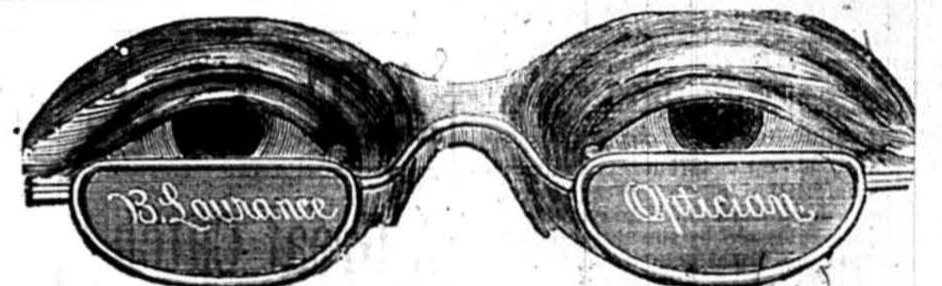
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## CHAPTER X—(continue.)

## A POET'S DREAM.

"Yes," he replied; and that one word of his, spoken in all honesty, yet a terrible mistake, sealed the fate of three lives.

"I accept your decision," he said, quietly. "A man—and a poet—you should know better than I do."

"You will be my wife, Lenore?" he asked.

Once more the beautiful blue eyes wandered over the trees and flowers—once more the white hands lingered on the harebells—then she turned to him with a light, frank smile, in which, if he could have but seen it, there was no trace of the grand passion of love. She threw down the harebells and laid both her hands in his.

"Yes, I will be your wife, Austin," she answered, softly.

And it seemed to him during the next few minutes that he went mad with joy. The blue sky seemed to have fallen at his feet, the golden sunlight to dazzle him, the music of the birds to sound like thunder in his ears. He could not realize that this, his brightest hope and dearest wish, was realized at last. That he had won for his own this peerless beautiful girl, who had seemed as far above him as the heavens were. How he expressed his joy, in what words that madness of passion found vent, could only be told by the birds and the flowers; it seemed long to him before the calm returned to his senses, and his heart ceased to beat loudly. Then he looked up into the heaven of her face, and owned that God had been good to him.

"I never thought that I should win you, my darling," he said, "never. I have stretched out my hands sometimes to the far-off stars, and fancied it as easy to win one pale golden light as to win you; and now you have promised to be mine. I must try to deserve you."

The happiness in his face touched her more than any words. Looking at him, she felt that she must have done right; no matter what came of it, she must have been right.

"The sweetest, noblest, and most beautiful word in the world," he said, "is the word 'wife.' All that is found in poetry and romance, seems to me expressed there. And you will be my wife, Lenore, my beautiful queen, whom I have worshiped at a distance, as men worship the sun. It will be some time before I can believe it, my wife that is to be. Let me kiss your sweet face, Lenore?"

There was no embarrassment, no confusion in the sweet, fair face raised to his; the blue eyes did not drop, no blush rose to the white brow; it was the first time in her life that she had received a caress, yet her heart beat no faster; had it been her own brother she could not have kissed him more kindly or more simply; had he been but one whit more self-willed, that must have told him the truth. As it was, he did not notice it. He kissed the white eyelids, the sweet lips, the white hands, with all a lover's passion. There was no feeling in heart but wonder at so much love.

"Life will be too short, Lenore," he said, "now that I have to spend it with you; and the words gave her a thrill, half of pain, half of fear. Some grand old words came to her which said that no creature must be loved too well. A thrill, half of fear, that in her woman's hands she should hold, as it were, the well-being of a man's soul. "I shall never want to die, Lenore. I shall never be willing to die," and again her heart beat with a feeling almost of dread—only for one moment, and seemed to her that the wind sighed and the flowers drooped; then she roused herself as from a fancy.

"You must not love me too much, Austin," she said.

"My darling, I can neither love you more nor less," he replied; "my heart will hold no more; I could not live with less." Then, while the sun shone over them, and the wind played among the

harebells, he told her all that Sir Cyril had done for him. "I think you will be happy, Lenore," he said. "Of course the Dower House does not satisfy me for you. I would rather make you mistress of the Hall, and even that is not good or beautiful enough for you; but there will be this great advantage—living at the Dower House you will be near your mother, and so you will not feel the pain of leaving home. There shall be no beauty which you admire, no luxury within my reach, which shall not be placed there to welcome my darling; all that love and devotion can do shall be done. Though you are not mercenary, my darling, and do not care for money, still I shall work without ceasing until I have won such a place in the world as my heart desires for you."

He was silent for a few minutes then he said:

"This is the first time in my life that I have longed either for wealth or title, I should love to make you mistress of all this grand estate, to give you houses and land, to give you a title which you would grace in the bearing. For the first time I regret that I am not Sir Austin Chandos, of Eastwold Park."

Lenore laughed.

"You regret it for the first time?" she asked. "You need not regret it for my sake. I am not sure whether I do not prefer the beautiful spot you call the Dower House to the hall itself. But, Austin, now we are speaking of it, tell me, did your uncle's will disappoint you?"

"No," he replied. "I knew all about it beforehand. I was neither surprised nor disappointed."

"Yet every one seemed to think that you would be Sir Joycelyn's heir."

"I should have been his heir if I had complied with his commands; but I would not, and for that he disinherited me," he said.

"His commands!" repeated Lenore. "What were they?"

"That I can hardly tell, even to you from whom I would not hide a thought," he said.

But she smiled in his face, saying: "There must be no secrets between us, Austin."

And after that what could he do?

## CHAPTER XI.

"I AM A KING WITH YOUR LOVE—WITH-OUT IT A BEGGER!"

Just for one minute before he answered her there came to him the memory of the time when, in his boyish days, he had read the grand old story of Samson and Delilah; he had said to himself that, despite his strength, Samson was weak, and that when he reached the years of manhood a smile should never so influence him. He remembered this now when Lenore's smile left him quite powerless to resist her. He knew that he ought not to tell her this story; yet he could no more have helped it than a flower could have helped blooming and growing under the warmth of the sun. The blue eyes were looking into his—the beautiful face smiling—the sweet, proud lips parted with a smile of expectation. He was as wax in her hands; he would have told her anything in that moment.

"You must tell me, Austin," said the voice that was sweeter than music to him.

And he complied at once, telling her that which bound her to him more tightly than any ties of love could have done. She never forgot the hour, or the words in which he told her.

"My uncle would have made me his heir, but he insisted on a condition that I could not fulfill."

"And that condition?" said Lenore.

"Was that I should marry Elsa Grey," continued Austin. "In the first place, I did not love Miss Grey; and in the second, I most dearly loved some one else; so I refused."

The smile died from her face, as she listened.

"I refused," he continued, "and my uncle was very angry with me. He disinherited me that same day, and made another will."

"Why did you not love Miss Grey, Austin?" she asked, half sadly.

"Because I love you, my darling and had not even a thought for any one else."

"Then your love has lost you this great fortune?" she said, mournfully. He laughed.

(to be continued.)

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## MOULD CANDLES.

Just Received, per schooner "Richard S. Newcombe," and for sale by

CLIFT, WOOD & CO.,  
25 boxes Morrill's Col'd Mould Candles.  
25 lbs per box; 25 boxes 8's; 25 boxes 8's.

## New Nova Scotia Butter.

Now Landing, ex schr. "Neva," from Antigonish, N.S., and for sale by

CLIFT, WOOD & CO.  
78 lbs Choice New Antigonish Butter.  
212

## PEASE.

We offer Fifty Barrels

Canada's Round Pease  
Also, a few bbls. Canadian Blue Pease.  
CLIFT, WOOD & CO.

## Encourage Home Industries.

HAVING FITTED UP A JOB PRINTING Department in the COLONIST Building, with an Universal Press, and a large quantity of the latest styles of type, we are prepared to execute work, in the above line, with neatness and despatch. All orders from town or country promptly attended to, at reasonable rates.

P. R. BOWERS.

## NOTICE!

HEREBY CAUTION ALL PARTIES against infringing on or making my making my anchor, or any anchor with any feature of my invention attached to it. Most persons are under the impression that if they make the slightest alteration, they can obtain a patent; but such is not the case, and should not be allowed or granted, for such is contrary to the laws, rules and regulations of patents. The manufacturers in England said they were safe to make my anchor, and would not infringe on any other patent or get themselves into trouble by so doing.

T. S. CALPIN.

## GROCERIES. GROCERIES.

1888! - SPRING - 1888!

Just Received from London, per brig. Clementine.

PRESERVES—ASSORTED—IN 1-lb., 2-lb. and 7-lb. tins—Raspberry, Gooseberry, Red currant, Black Currant, Plum, Green Gage, Strawberry, Apple-Jelly, Marmalade, N. B.—The above-mentioned preserves are of superior quality.

CORNU—CHOW, MIXED PICKLES, Essence of Vanilla, Lemon, Peppermint and Cloves, Coffee and Milk, Cocoa and Milk, 1-lb. tins, Condensed Milk—1-lb. tin, Cocoa, Taylor Bros. No. 3 Cocoa; Taylor Bros. Marilla Fry's Homoeopathic Cocoa; Taylor's do, 1-lb. tins Fry's Chocolate—1-lb. cakes; Dutch Cheese, Almond Nuts, Walnuts, Hazel Nuts, Caraway Seeds, Nutmegs, Cloves, Allspice, Cinnamon, Ginger, Black and White Pepper, Mustard, in boxes and kegs; Bread Soda, Cream of Tartar, Baking Powder, Egg Powders

And continually on hand, a large stock Groceries, Provisions, Wines and Spirits.

JOHN J. O'REILLY,

290 Water Street, 43 and 45 King's Road

april 27

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

## Insurance Company.

[ESTABLISHED A. D., 1809]

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY AT THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1887:

Authorized Capital.....£3,000,000  
Subscribed Capital.....2,000,000  
Paid-up Capital.....500,000

II.—FIRE FUND.  
Reserve.....£544,576 19 11  
Premium Reserve.....362,188 18 2  
Balance of profit and loss acct.....67,896 12 6

III.—LIFE FUND.  
Accumulated Fund (Life Branch).....£3,374,836 19 1  
Do. Fund (Annuity Branch).....473,147 3 2

£3,747,983 2 3  
REVENUE FOR THE YEAR 1887.  
FROM THE LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Nett Life Premiums and Interest.....£469,076 6 3  
Annuity Premiums (including £108,992 2 4 by single payment) and interest.....124,717 7 11

£593,792 13 4  
FROM THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.  
Nett Fire Premiums and Interest.....£1,167,073 14 0

£1,760,866 7 4

The Accumulated Funds of the Life Department are free from liability in respect of the Fire Department, and in like manner the Accumulated Funds of the Fire Department are free from liability in respect of the Life Department.

Insurances effected on Liberal Terms.

Chief Offices.—EDINBURGH &amp; LONDON.

GEO. SHEA,

General Agent for Nfld.

## The Mutual Life Insurance Co.'y,

OF NEW YORK.—ESTABLISHED 1843.

Assets, January 1st, 1887.....\$114,181,963  
Cash Income for 1886.....\$21,187,179  
Insurance in force about.....\$400,000,000  
Policies in force about.....130,000

The Mutual Life is the Largest Life Company, and the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

No other Company has paid such LARGE DIVIDENDS to its Policy-holders; and no other Company issues so PLAIN and so COMPREHENSIVE A POLICY.

A. S. RENDELL,

Agent at Newfoundland.



## Daily Colonist.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25 1888.

## THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

Nomination Day, Aug. 23--  
Polling Day, Aug. 30.

The "Royal Gazette," of this day, contains a proclamation declaring that the nomination of candidates for the election of five members for the St. John's Municipal Council, will be held on Thursday, the 23rd day of August next, and the poll will be taken on Thursday, the 30th day of August. There shall be one polling booth in each of the wards, and the election will be conducted in accordance with the St. John's Municipal Act and the Act passed last session, respecting elections of members of the House of Assembly.

## New R. C. School at Harbor Grace.

The new Roman Catholic school recently finished at the Riverhead of Harbor Grace will open for its first term in September. The building is of wood, compactly built of the best material, and is capable of accommodating 150 scholars. The first flat, is divided into two departments, one each for the primary and high school. The second flat will be used as a hall for Sunday school and general meeting purposes. The high school will be—we are informed by our Harbor Grace correspondent—in charge of Mr. Wm. W. Killfooy, who has for some time past been in charge of the old Riverhead school, in which he discharged the duties of teacher with both credit to himself and advantage to the scholars. Notwithstanding the depression in Harbor Grace for the past few years, every year of Dr. McDonald's Episcopate has been marked by the erection of some church or school within his diocese. Under his fostering protection the Catholic youth of Harbor Grace will be enabled to face the world equipped with a fair education.

## Labrador Fishery Reports.

The "Harbor Grace Standard" learns by private letter from Battle Harbor, that the reports to the 12th are not favourable in that vicinity. At Cape Charles and Chimney Tickle, however, a few good days' work had been done the previous week; traps at these places had secured 80 to 150 quintals each; nothing, though, was done with hook-and-line. Traps at Battle Harbor had, the above date, taken two to eight quintals of fish, seines twenty to forty quintals, hook-and-line nil. As far north as had been heard from, nothing had been done; some Indians from the Northwest brought the same reports, namely, that "no fish had been taken this side of Hawk's Bay, and that the ice was in at Cape Bluff, and plenty of caplin among the ice." Baine, Johnstone's & Co.'s steam-launch had been at Spear and Murray's Harbor; there was no fish there. Nothing was doing to the westward of Henley Harbor.

Caplin were in abundance since the last of June at Battle Harbor, which had been jammed with ice from the 25th to the last of June. Boats could not get out. The ice had injured the salmon fishery; up to date (July 12) it was about half as good as last year's; and very few were being taken there then. Some of the dealers at Battle Harbor had at the above date more fish ashore than they had at the same time last year. It is supposed that the fish went up in the Bay when the ice was about, and that those which had been trapped were working their way out. The fish was glutted when caught.

The craft about Cape Charles, had all got down safely. Caplin had been seen about the 16th June, but no sign of fish had been observed until the 28th. The ice had worked in on the coast at that date, hindering traps from being set out. On the 29th, however, traps had been set, and there was a fair sign of fish. Several little lots had been got daily up to the 4th inst., but since then it had been very scarce. Traps at that time had from 30 to 70 quintals. Hook and line none.

## Arrival of S.S. Caspian.

The steamer "Caspian" arrived from Halifax at noon to-day. She brought but a small freight and sailed for Liverpool at 4.30 o'clock. The following is the list of inward and outward passengers: From Halifax—Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Brophy, Miss Ross, Miss Toussaint, Miss Le Strange, Captain Millbank, Messrs. C. Hope, B. A. Fielding, J. Beamish, W. Aspell, four intermediate and twenty-four in steerage. For Liverpool—Mrs. M. Fenelon, Miss Nowlan, Miss Lang, Hon. M. Fenelon, Dr. Henry Shea, Messrs. B. Nowlan, Henry Blair, Hugh Baird S. Robertson, L. O'Brien, James Baird, A. McPherson, W. Bellamy, and 2 intermediate.

## Rescue of Two Fishermen on the Banks

## A VERY REMARKABLE TALE OF THE SEA.

The banking schooner "Edward Trevo," Captain Trevo, of Gloucester, Mass., arrived here from the Banks on Saturday last with six hundred quintals of fish. She brought in two of the crew of the schooner "H. P. Griffin," who were picked up on the Banks on the twelfth inst., after having been forty-eight hours astray in their dory. The men had nothing but a jug of water in their dory, and were pretty hungry when rescued, but were otherwise all right. The two men picked up are Edward Carrigan and Peter Mason, both belonging to Gloucester, Mass. They are staying at the Seamen's Home at present, but will go back to their homes by the next outward bound "Portia." In speaking to the men this morning, on their experience while being astray, they told a story to which they were eye-witnesses in the earlier part of the season, which is so strange that credence will hardly be given it at first; but Mason, who is an intelligent young fellow, called at our office this morning, and gave a clear and detailed account of the affair as to how the banker H. P. Griffin lost her cable and anchor by their being carried away by a whale. "It was about ten o'clock in the morning, of the tenth of April last," said Mr. Mason, as he leaned back in one of our brand new office chairs, this morning, "and as fine a day as ever shone. The sky was clear and blue above; not a breath of wind stirred the air, and the sea-surface was like a polished mirror. It was our first day on the banks, and we had but about thirty qtls. of fish on board. We lay on the southern edge of the Grand Banks. Our trawls were on board; we were baiting them, and our seven dories were out astern. The vessel scarcely moved, so calm was it, and all the crew were chatting gaily enough, when suddenly a loud splash was heard near the vessel's bow. We all looked in that direction and just got a glimpse of the tail of a large whale, which quickly disappeared beneath the water. The ship immediately began to rock, from which we concluded the fish must have struck against our cable. We were not long in suspense in this matter, for in a few moments the whale rose to the surface some distance ahead with our anchor stuck in his mouth, the stock standing distinctly above the surface of the sea. Before we could realize the position the cable was hauled taut, and the ship was bowling along—hawspeices in—at a rate not less than sixteen knots. Some times the fish would rise very high out of water and then would again dive some distance beneath the surface. The captain and crew were all under the impression that the whale was over a hundred feet long. Thinking that the monster would soon shake clear of the cable, we made no attempt to cut away anything, in fact we were almost too dazed to move. We were pulled along in a southeasterly direction for perhaps a quarter of an hour, when the whale turned round, almost short, and began to pull us in an opposite direction. The vessel was brought round so quickly that she went rail under water and then she commenced to go at a more rapid rate than ever. In turning the vessel all the dories astern were upset, throwing oars and other gear on board into the water. The vessel was now going faster than ever, and the captain thought every moment that the fish would lose his hold, but after pulling for half an hour he decided that the monster meant to hold on, so the only thing to do was to cut the cable, which was done close home to the bow. We saw the whale, with the anchor still in his mouth, till he disappeared in the north-west, at least three miles from where he left us. We never saw him or heard of him after, but I believe he must have after a time, succumbed to the weight of the cable and anchor, which, together, did not weigh less than 3,000 lbs., which must have soon brought him to bottom. This story may seem rather fishy," said Mr. Mason, "but it is no devil-fish or sea-serpent yarn, but a straight up-and-down fact, as the rest of the crew can testify. I have heard of two similar incidents—one of the vessels was the 'Sultana.' Our vessel is 117 tons burthen, and is not a bad tow, even for a hundred foot whale."

## Central District Court.

## Judge Prowse's Judgment on the Land Bonus Frauds.

Charles Coveyduck, fisherman, Indian Pond, was charged before the court of Quarter Sessions with obtaining \$12 by false pretences from the Surveyor General. He received three payments of \$24, sufficient bonus for the clearing of a nice little farm of four acres; but when the land pointed out by Coveyduck, to Mr. Allan Long and Mr. Turner was surveyed it was found that he had only cleared one rood, 28 perches less than half an acre.

The method pursued by the Government in carrying out the agricultural act appeared to be a good check on fraud. 1st—Permission had to be obtained to clear land by the Sur-

veyor General. 2nd—Application for bonus. 3rd—Certificate for deputy crown land surveyor, and some respectable person like Mr. Veitch. That they had inspected the land, and all the statements in the application were correct of the large number of cases of fraud in connection with the land bonus. Coveyduck is the worst; he has received three payments for eight times as much land as he had cleared. Denis Doyle, Surveyor under the Land Bonus Act, was the main instrument in carrying out fraud; but Mr. Veitch and others, who signed the certificate, are open to the greatest censure. In all cases of this kind, and in granting poor relief, it appears to be absolutely necessary to have an independent inspection; and I consider one of the Surveyor General's staff should have inspected those lands before payment was made.

As regards the prisoner Coveyduck, his guilt was clearly proved, and I only regret that I am unable to sentence him to more than six months with hard labor. I am informed that in the district of Harbor Main there are nearly fifty cases of fraud in connection with the Land Bonus Act.

## A CROSS SCANDAL.

A scandal of no ordinary grossness says the "Freeman's Journal," was perpetrated in the House of Lords, some time ago, by a middle-aged Conservative Peer called Camperdown with the sanction and under the shield of Lord Salisbury. Under the pretence of bringing the murder of James Fitzmaurice in Kerry, before the notice of the House, the Earl of Camperdown made an undisguised attempt to prejudice the case at trial, in which Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell sues the "Times" for libel. Many months have elapsed since the murder of Fitzmaurice. Two men convicted of the crime have been expiated on the scaffold. Norah Fitzmaurice, the daughter of the murdered man, is at present in London, subpoenaed as a witness for the "Times" in the case going on before the Lord Chief Justice. And this is the juncture indecently selected by Lord Camperdown, with the approval of the Prime Minister, to make a ferocious attack upon the leaders of the National movement, reviving for the occasion this dead-and-gone crime. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was in the House himself, and he took the opportunity to express in a dignified manner his regret that such an attempt should be made to increase the difficulty of the onerous duty he had to discharge as judge. The Lord Chief Justice was joined in this protest by Lord Herschell, ex-Lord Chancellor of England, and a number of Peers signified their sense of the Camperdown outrage. When resort is had to the methods of the garrotter in the highest assembly in the kingdom, and when the Prime Minister abets the Thug in his endeavour to strangle the law and choke justice at the fount, it is time for Westminster to cease preaching to Kerry. An insignificant Crown prosecutor raised a regular gale of indignation about a fortnight ago in the court of Exchequer here because a question was asked in the House of Commons from the Opposition benches regarding a case *sub-judice* in Dublin. As it turned out, whatever indiscretion was committed was Mr. Balfour's, who in the first place neglected to inform the House, as the Lord Chief Baron said he should have done, that the case was *sub-judice*. The ex-Prime Minister had merely, mark, asked a question about the case. He attended early in his place in Parliament next day after allusion had been made to the case in court, and before the business of the house commenced he asked leave to state that he had been entirely unaware of the case being *sub-judice*, or he would not have put the question. What a contrast between the action of the past and the present Prime Minister, between the veteran representative of law and the present patron of lawlessness! The Marquis of Salisbury bullied and blustered about Lord Camperdown's right to commit an indecency for which the two highest exponents of the law in England have nothing but grave rebuke. But why not? It was done, to all appearances, at Lord Salisbury's own instigation, and certainly with his connivance, nay, the eve before the opening of the examination of the *Times* witnesses was chosen for the Camperdown coup. It is one of those *corpus*, however, which recoil on their authors. There is not a man fit to be a jurymen in all broad and honest England, where fair play is a jewel, who will not be shocked and disgusted at the infamous manoeuvre—a dodge unworthy of a thief, mean, cowardly, and base. We shall not discuss the merits or demerits of a debate the object of which was so unmanly. The tactics of a poltroon deserve only contempt. They are the accustomed and favoured tactics of her Majesty's government at the present time. They revolt the dignity of both English and Irish, and they will result in contumelious downfall and degradation.

In addition to the passengers taken at this port by the steamer Conscript, on her last trip north, the following, so says the "Standard," joined her at Harbor Grace:—Rev. W. Vatcher, for King's Cove; Rev. Fathers La Compte and Hayden for Battle Harbor; Miss Avery, Mr. Devine of the R. C. Academy, Mr. Ernest Godden, Mr. W. J. Lynch, of this town; Mr. Kavanaugh, of Brigus.

## News by Today's Mail.

H.M.S. Bullfrog sailed from Halifax on the 23rd inst., for England. Her crew were paid off.

H.M.S. Buzzard, commander J. A. Baker, arrived at Halifax on the 22nd inst., from England, to relieve the Bullfrog on this station. The Buzzard carries eight guns, is a composite sloop of 1,140 tons, and 2,000 horse-power. She was recently launched at Sheerness dockyard, and this is her first commission.

## FORGIVE THE MISERABLE PAST.

LONDON, July 22.—William O'Brien addressing a demonstration at Edinburgh, said he believed, deep in the heart of the British people, was a feeling of sickness and loathing for the misery and blood guiltiness in Ireland. The deepest desire of the Irish was to forgive and forget the miserable past and enter upon a brighter and better time. Referring to the suicide of Dr. Ridley, O'Brien said he remembered that when Ridley gave Commoner Hooper enough jute for a mattress in exchange for a plank bed, Ridley told him he received a note from Dublin Castle demanding his reason for the relaxation.

## BARBARISM IN IRISH JAILS.

DUBLIN, July 22.—At the Mandeville inquest a great sensation was caused by the evidence of Daniel Goulding, formerly warden in Tullamore jail. Goulding deposed that on the evening of Nov. 22nd the governor of the jail said he had received orders to strip Mandeville. The witness and other five wardens entered the prisoner's cell and found him sleeping soundly. The chief warden shook the prisoner rudely and aroused him. Mandeville resisted, but was soon stripped naked. He cried, "for decency's sake leave my shirt," whereupon the warden gave him his shirt, in which he lay the rest of the night, refusing to put on the prison garb. Witness said he was aware Mandeville had been punished for periods never recorded in the warden's book.

## MR. MANDEVILLE'S DEATH.

DUBLIN, July 23.—Mr. Ridley left a statement regarding the prison treatment of O'Brien and Mandeville as evidence to be given at the inquest. Rynayne, the visiting justice, testified that his request that Mandeville be put in the hospital was disregarded. Dr. Cremin said bread and water was improper treatment for a person suffering from diarrhoea. The illness of the deceased was caused by the sudden change from the normal conditions of his life.

## THE REASON OF HIS REFUSAL.

Now that Mr. Blaine has formally, and apparently unequivocally, taken himself out of the contest for the presidential nomination of his party, not a few of his Republican admirers are claiming for him great magnanimity on the ground that he has refused a renomination which he could easily have obtained, and asserting that such an act entitles him to the admiration of the whole American people.

There is very little doubt but what Mr. Blaine, if he consented to allow the use of his name at Chicago, would easily carry off the honors of the convention which will be held in that city the week after next. The nomination of the Republican convention, however, is far from being equivalent to an election at the polls next November, and Mr. Blaine, than whom there are few shrewder politicians in the country, after carefully considering the situation, simply came to the conclusion that the nominee of the Chicago Convention would stand no chance of winning this year. Having been beaten in 1884, he is in no mood to face what he considers certain defeat this year, and for that reason, and that reason only, he withdraws from the race for his party's nomination. If there is any magnanimity in that line of conduct, Mr. Blaine is entitled to the full credit of it, but the American people, who know perfectly well that to obtain the presidency has been, and still is, the great ambition of Blaine's life, and who are convinced that, if there was any chance of his being elected this year, the man from Maine would gladly consent to be the Republican standard bearer, fail to see where the magnanimity his admirers are now claiming for Mr. Blaine comes in, and their admiration for that individual has not, consequently, undergone any increase, nor is it likely to do so.

It is true that, in his letter to Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Blaine speaks most hopefully and enthusiastically of the Republican prospects in the coming campaign. His utterances on that subject deceive nobody, however, and it is almost universally admitted that, were the Republican chances of success as good as Mr. Blaine pictures them, his last letter of declination would never have been penned. It is easy to speak hopefully of a contest in which some other man is to be beaten, and there are those who contend that Mr. Blaine will not be very grievously disappointed at the defeat which is certain to overtake the Republican candidate this year, inasmuch as that defeat will strengthen his own chances in 1892, when he hopes the Republican party will not be dom-

ed before hand to the overthrow which awaits it this year.

Whatever may be the motives of Mr. Blaine's refusal to run this year, however, it is safe to assert that magnanimity has nothing to do with his action. A man who has been as politically selfish as Mr. Blaine has during his whole life does not suddenly become magnanimous.—*Ex.*

## FOREIGN OPINION ABOUT LITTLE PHIL.

The New York "Herald" has published interviews with some of the most famous military commanders of Europe upon the career of General Sheridan. Extracts from those interviews follow: Count von Moltke says: "General Sheridan struck me as the type of a thoroughly American general, with all the wonderful energy and fertility of resources that characterize the nation, and probably no better cavalry commander has ever taken the field. All the armies of Europe have adopted many of the lessons taught by him in tactical use of cavalry." General von de Goltz says: "I consider General Sheridan one of the ablest cavalry commanders in the world." General von Pape, who commands the entire Prussian garde-corps, says that Sheridan's campaign in West Virginia is a model of the way to handle large masses of cavalry in the warfare of the future. Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern says: "The late emperor often spoke of him as the man who knew best how to make cavalry horses do more work than any other cavalry commander ever got out of them." General Boulanger says: "The judgment I personally formed of him was that he was a most intellectual man and a most competent soldier."

## LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

A general holiday in Harbor Grace today.

The ward candidates are feeling the pulse of the constituents.

Portugalcove traps have been taken in after a very poor season.

The schooner Ambrose K. Knight has been released from bail.

The steamer Volunteer left St. Pierre at 1.30 p.m. today, bound west.

The steamer Conscript left Little Bay North at 6 p.m. on Monday, bound north.

The steamer Polino is expected to arrive from the Gulf ports some time this evening.

The City Opera House, on Prescott-street, will open with a big rush tomorrow evening.

Carbonear beat Brigus in a cricket match at the first mentioned town, by fifty-six runs, on Thursday last.

The conclusion of the account of the slow murder of John Mandeville, will be found on the second page of the COLONIST.

The steamer Portia left Halifax at 11 o'clock yesterday for this port. She should be here by 1 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

It is thought that the young Broadcove men will row the fishermen's race in the new boat, built by Messrs. Herder & Hallern.

Mr. Bishop's mine at Bay St. George, shows good indications. He is expecting an expert from New York shortly to inspect the mine.—*Times.*

Farmers anticipate a good hay crop this season. As the crops will be short in Canada, judging by the present outlook, this is hailed as a great boon.

The sum of nearly \$5,000 has recently been paid into the Receiver General's office for duties on malt liquors. The use of beer is evidently taking the place of alcoholic drinks in no small degree.

The little island of Heligoland, in the North Sea, the smallest of the British possessions, is becoming very popular as a summer resort. Since 1881 the number of visitors who go there to escape the heat has nearly trebled, last year, reaching 9,612. No less than 20 steamers ran there regularly from Hamburg, Cuxhaven and Bremerhaven.

A meeting of the municipal electors of ward one was held, according to notice, in Mechanics' Hall, last evening. There were about thirty present. Mr. J. Hallern called the meeting to order and, after explaining its object, requested that a chairman and secretary be appointed. Mr. W. J. Donnelly was then appointed chairman and Mr. Walter Veale, secretary. In order to afford due time for consideration, the meeting adjourned till Friday evening, August 3rd.

## BIRTHS.

WYLLIE—At 47 Gower-street, this morning, Mrs. William Wyllie, of a daughter. COCHRANE—On the 24th inst., the wife of Mr. William Cochrane, of a son.

## DEATHS.

WALSH—Drowned at sea, 11th inst., Richard, beloved son of James and Ellen Walsh, aged 28 years, leaving a mother, father, two sisters and a brother to mourn their sad loss. RYAN—Drowned at sea, 11th inst., Michael Ryan, aged 29 years, an only son, leaving a widowed mother and two sisters to mourn their sad loss.